

Through Gloucestershire: by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,
Aduantagge feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not false away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinn hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn.* Well, Ile repent; and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath bene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song; make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, die'd not about seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not about once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you must needs bee out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Dives* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before.

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse: *Bardolph* was shau'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd for in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *Iohn*, you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn*: I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulsters of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *Iohn*, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Innes, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Copper; and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Iacke*?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Falst. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-penny of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a *Stu'de Pruney*, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing; go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Host. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter.

Prim. An Otter, Sir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art vnjust man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and hee slanders thee most grossely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue.

Host. Nay my Lord, hee call'd you Iacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if hee said my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I say'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpes.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prim. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vpe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imboist Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie-houses, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Do'st thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke* *Falstaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty.

You confesse then you picke my Pocket?

Prim. It appeares so by the Story.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgie thee: Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,

Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests:

Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: Thou seest, I am pacified still.

Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

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Fal. O, I

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